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BY ROBINSON & LOCKE. PLYMOUTH, O., SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 2. 1855. VOLUME II. NO. 33

Select Poetry.

One by One.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each,
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven,)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Readily, too, let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to morrow,
Every day begins again.

Every hour that fleets so s'owly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passion hours despond;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links—God's token,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one,
Take them lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Selected Miscellany

Sherwood Forest and the Story of Robin Hood.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

I have said that Newstead Abbey stood in the heart of old Sherwood Forest.—This you will remember, was the favorite domain of that prince of outlaws, Robin Hood. There is little forest land about there now—none, indeed, that we should so call—all the woods being inclosed in parks, and as carefully kept as gardens.—But as I journeyed through the country my thoughts went back to the old old time, that I almost expected, whenever we passed a grove of trees or a shadowy glen, to be suddenly surrounded by Robin Hood's merry men, armed with long bows, and and clad in Lincoln green.

You have all doubtless read many stories of Robin Hood; but if you will listen to mine I hope that I shall be able to tell you something that you have never heard before.

Robert Fitzooth, Earl of Huntingdon, was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham about the year 1160, in the reign of Henry 11. He was left an orphan in his childhood and placed under the guardianship of his uncle, the Abbot of St. Mary's in York. This priest professed to be a just and holy man; but as it often is when people make great pretentions to piety, he was far enough the other way. In those days, priests were greatly feared and honored, and could do pretty much as they pleased; so the Abbot of St. Mary's who was a hard avaricious man, found no difficulty in taking advantages of the young Earl Robert. By such wily, wicked ways, as only bad priests know, he took possession of all his nephew's estates and revenues, one after another—pretending that he only meant to take care of them, lest Robert, whom he accused of being a wild lad should squander them in dissipation.—Robert bore this for awhile and tried hard to keep on peaceable terms with his uncle; but the old man was very provoking.—He would sit in the refectory of the old Abbey, at a dinner-table loaded with every luxury in the way of food served on massive gold and silver plate and with half a dozen bottles of good old wine before him, and then lectured poor Robert upon temperance, self-denial, and sober, godly living till Robert would smile grimly, and play with the hilt of his dagger in a way that the venerable Abbot did not like.

When the Earl of Huntingdon came of age, there was not a handsomer or more gallant young man among all the nobility and yeomanry of England. He was tall, straight, and athletic, with a quick bounding step, and a brave broad breast. He had a commanding but pleasant voice, a hearty smile, clear honest eyes, ruddy cheeks and lips, and his head, which he held haughtily, was crowned with light brown curls. Though belonging to a proud and aristocratic family, who, in tracing their noble pedigree, could go back, back, till, for all I know, they lost themselves and their reckoning in the fogs of the first morning after the deluge—Robert was no aristocrat. He sympathized with the common people, in that day shamefully imposed upon—taxed and tyranized over by the bad barons and hard-hearted priest. He joined in all their merrymakings, their manly and warlike exercises. He became so skillful with his bow, that it is said he frequently sent an arrow the distance of a mile. From among his friends he selected four comrades—John Nailor, whom he nick-named 'Little John George a Green, Muck, a millers son, and a jolly friar called Tuck—the only priest Robert could ever abide.

One day a small sprig of nobility, one Sir Roger, of Doncaster saw him mingling with the honest yeoman in their sports and sneered at his vulgar tastes. Robert replied by challenging him to a shooting match. Sir. Roger's arrow missed the target altogether, and stuck fast in the trunk of a tree some distance further on.—Robert took aim at this shaft and split it clean up the middle. Then all the yeoman shouted and laughed; and Sir. Roger was so enraged that he was foolish enough to accept a second challenge to a wrestling-match in which Robert threw him so often that he never fell fairly on his legs, but seemed to be bumping against the ground. At last his senses were quite bumped out of him, and he lay stiff and still. Earl Robert revived him and helped him up—but he was mortified and sullen, and ever after had a mean, bitter spite against his brave conquerer.

It was not long after Robert came of age before he became convinced that it was vain to hope to get his property out of the close clutch of his reverend relative. There was no use in his appealing to the King. Henry II was now dead, and Richard called 'the lion-hearted,' had ascended the throne. But in a short time he left the government in the care of Hugh Pudsey, Bishop of Durham, while he went on a crusade to the Holy Land to fight the Saracens; and no sooner was his back turned than the treacherous bishop usurped all the power and dignity of a monarch, and taxed and tyranized to his bad hearts content.

So, getting desperate, Earl Robert called together the bravest of his friends threw up his title, assumed the name name of Robin Hood, and took to the forest, where he led from that time a daring and dangerous but an independent and merry life.—I know it is quite too late to think of making my hero out a good honest man, though Mr. Abbot has done wonders in that way for Bonaparte—for long, long, ago it noised about that Robin Hood was a robber and an outlaw. But in those days, when kings robbed, and barons robbed and priests robbed worst of all, the thieving business was a goodeal more respectable than it is now; and the only difference between Robin Hood and those others was that he took only from the rich and powerful, while they robbed the poor and defenceless.

The brave outlaw was joined by the best archers in the country, to the number of one hundred stout and bold. These he clad all in Lincoln green, a dress which made it hard to distinguish them from the forest foliage amid which they lurked.—When any one of the men was killed, or took the strange notion to return to his friends and turn honest man again, Robin Hood would set out on a recruiting expedition. Whenever he heard of a young man of uncommon strength and hardihood he would go disguised, and try him in wrestling and archery—then if satisfied, persuade the yeoman to enlist. This was most easily done—for those were hard times for the people and Robin Hood had a flattering tongue. So he kept himself and his hundred archers, and with them haunted the merry greenwood. Barnsdale in Yorkshire, Plompton Park, in Cumberland and Sherwood in Nottinghamshire. Past or through those forests ran the king's highways, whereon traders, nobles priests, were obliged to travel. But after Robin Hood became sovereign of these forests few journies could be made in this vicinity.—Sometimes just when travellers began to breathe freely and speak and think themselves out of danger Robin was down upon them, and they were obliged to come down with their money, or stand as targets for his archers. Knowing that it was not good for holy men to be cumbered with too much wealth, he always made free with the purses of rich priests.

The old Abbot of St. Mary's himself who once ventured to pass through Sherwood, with a rich store of gold and silver guarded by two hundred men, fell into his hands. After helping himself to the old miser's money, which was rightly his own he sat his lordship on his horse, with his face toward the tail, and so sent him off toward York, fretting and fuming and some of Robin's men said swearing—but that could hardly have been. The money so wrested from rich monks, and arrogant barons, Robin Hood constantly shared with the poor, and so filled many a sad home with mirth and comfort, and made glad and grateful the hearts of the widow and the fatherless. He was always tender and kind to women and children. Noble ladies with retinues and treasures could pass in safety through his forests.—One time a young dandy nobleman, meaning to take advantage of the generous outlaw's gallantry undertook to pass through Sherwood, leading a train in a disguise of a lady; but at the first sight of a band of archers, he showed himself so much more of a coward than a woman, Little John suspected him—tore of his veil, and hood and velvet mantle, and made him pay dearly for the insult he had put upon womankind.

Of the thousand and one adventures related of Robin Hood, I have only room in this short history for two; the first one showing how he made a friend—the second how he won a wife.

One morning, near Sherwood Forest, Robin Hood met a young man walking slowly, drooping his head and sighing deeply, and he thought to himself—'this poor fellow must be melancholy mad or in love—in either case he is to be pitied.—So he kindly questioned the youth, who proved to be a yeoman by the name of Will Scarlocke. He trusted Robin Hood from the first, and told him that he was grieving because a fair maiden whom he loved and who loved him was that day to be married by her friends to a rich old, man whom she detested. Robin Hood inquired the time and place of the wedding, then telling Will to keep a good heart, bounded off into the forest.

About noon there was a great ringing of bells at the church—then came the wedding party and their friends. The bridegroom looked very proud and pompous in his gold-laced, velvet doublet, and white silk hose; but he was wheezy, and hard of hearing, and so gouty, that he had a little page to lift his feet, first one and then the other, up the altar steps. The bride wept and looked wistfully round for her lover, who was hid behind a pillar, waiting for Robin Hood. The ceremony began and Will was getting desperate, when a tall man in the dress of a beggar, standing near the altar, drew a silver horn from beneath his mantle, and blew a startling blast. Instantly fifty men in Lincoln green burst into the church and dispersed the bridal party—all but the now happy bride and the frightened priest whom Robin Hood commanded to marry the faithful pair at once. It was done; and ever after Will Scarlocke was the fast friend of Robin Hood.

One day in pursuing a deer, Robin Hood was led into the park of the Earl of Fitzwater. There he suddenly heard voices and the trampling of horses, and soon saw a mail-clad knight followed by six men at arms, and leading a palfry, on which sat a lovely lady weeping and wringing her hands. This maiden Robin Hood recognized at once as the young Lady Matilda, only daughter of Earl of Fitzwater. Though quite alone, he did not hesitate, but sprang forward before the party, crying—'Hold, thou false knight!—I command thee to let that noble lady go free.'

'Stand off, thou unmannerly churl, or I will cleave thy skull with my broadsword—know thou that I am John thy prince!'

'And know thou,' replied the outlaw, 'that I am Robin Hood, king of Sherwood forest.'

At these words all six of the men-at-arms put spurs to their horses and fled and the Prince was glad to follow, scowling and cursing as he went. Then Lady Matilda, who seems to have been rather a romantic young woman, fainted and fell into Robin Hood's arms; and he not knowing exactly what to do for a lady in such a case, carried her to a brook and was about to dip her head into the water, when she suddenly came to herself. She then related to her preserver how that bad prince whom she hated with all her might, had long been urging her to go with him to his wicked court; and how that afternoon, while walking in the park, he had surprised and carried her off. She told this story, reclining on a mossy bank, with Robin Hood sitting at her feet, looking up into her face. At last the twilight shadows began to fall, then he sighed, and said—'It is getting late my lady—shall I conduct you home? But the lady Matilda bent toward him, blushing and speaking very softly, and said, 'You have saved me from shame and sorrow—henceforth I belong to you.'

Robin Hood started up gladly, then sunk back sadder than before, and said, No, lady, no; you have been too delicately reared for any outlaw's wife.'

He then told her that though she might not dislike his forest life in the warm summer time, yet when the fall rains and winter frost came, she would find the cave in which he lived, dark and chill, and would sigh for her father,s comfortable castle hall.

But Lady Matilda was strong and healthful, and little fears of colds or rheumatisms; she thought Robin Hood handsome, and fancied he would be the best protector against that naughty prince she could have; so she looked into his face with her beautiful, blue, beseeching eyes, till he could resist her no longer, but lifted her upon her palfrey, and walked by her side toward Sherwood Forest, talking to her, holding her hand, and loving her better and better every step. They were married at the camp, by jolly Friar Tuck, and had a merry wedding feast. The next day Robin Hood and his wife, who had taken the name of Marian, sent a messenger to the Earl of Fitzwater, telling him how they were married, and asked him if he had any objections. He sent back word that he disowned his daughter, and never would forgive her; and made some rather unhandsome remarks upon the character of his son-in-law which roused Marian's spirit. But the old Earl missed his only child, and was so lonely in his grand castle, that, at last, it seemed to him he must see her or he should die. So he disguised himself as a merchant minstrel, and went to Robin Hood's camp. He was kindly received, and feasted with good game and excellent wine. After dinner Robin Hood flung himself down on a bank of wild violets for a nap, and Marian began scattering daisies over him.

The Earl watched them in their happiness, and thought of his own loneliness till he could stand it no longer, but bowed his head in his hands and burst into tears. Marian knew that sob—she had heard it once before, when her mother died. She dropped her flowers, ran to her father, flung her arms round his neck, and wept with him. Robin Hood sprang up and joind with them—and all was made up between the three. The Earl of Fitzwater became quite fond of his son-in-law though he often warned him that he would come to the gallows if he did not mend his ways. But Robin Hood did not mend his ways for better or worse. He continued to take from the rich and give to the poor; to play tricks and seek adventures in disguise; to fight the troops of the king and the sheriff of Nottingham; to hate and make war on all priests to the last; He lived to be an old man, loved by all the poor, feared and and hated by the rich.

At length he fell ill of a lingering fever, and unluckily, went for help to his aunt, Elizabeth de Staynton, Prioress of Kirkless Nunnery, in Yorkshire—a woman who had great skill in medicine.—His old, enemy, Sir Loger, of Doncaster, hearing of this, went to her, and telling her she had in her power a great enemy of the church, urged her on to a dark and cruel deed. The Prioress went a long to Robin Hood, and as he lay tossing and grasping with his fever, and pretending great kindness, said she must bleed him. He streched out his arm and she opened a large vein. The blood spouted fiercely at first, and ran for a long time full and fast.

'Haven't you taken enough?' asked Robin Hood, again and again, his voice growing weaker and weaker. But the stern old woman always answered, No.' Then he sunk back on his pillow and fainted. Still the Prioress stood and looked on him with a cold, stony face—and still he bled, and bled, till the couch on which he lay was all afloat with his blood. At last his white lips moved, and he murmured one word that touched the cruel heart of the Prioress It was the name of his mother—*her own sister.* She sprang forward to bind up the arm and stop the Bleeding—but two late! Robin Hood was dead!

The Sympathizing Woman.

We leave it for the reader to judge of the probability of its truth.

If we were called upon to describe Mrs. Dobbs, we should, without hesitation, call her a sympathizing woman. Nobody was troubled with any malady she hadn't suffered. 'She knew all about it by experience, and could sympathize with them from the bottom of her heart.'

Bob Turner was a wag, and when one day he saw Mrs. Dobbs coming along the road towards his house, he knew that, in the absence of his wife, he should be called upon to entertain her, and resolved to play a little on the good woman's abundant store of sympathy.

Hastily procuring a large blanket, he wrapped himself up in it, and threw himself on a sofa near by.

'Why, good gracious! Mr. Turner, are you sick?' asked Mrs. Dobbs, as she saw his position.

'Oh, dreadfully!' groaned the imaginary invalid.

'What's the matter!'

'Oh, a great many things. First and foremost I've got a congestion of the brain.,

'That's dreadful,' sighed Mrs. Dobbs came pretty near dying of it ten years' come next spring. What else?'

'Dropsy.' again groaned Bob.

'There I can sympathize with you. I was troubled with it, but finally got over it.'

'Neuralgia,' continued Bob.

'Nobody can tell, Mr. Turner, what I've suffered from neuraligia. It's a awful complaint.'

'Then again I'm very much distressed by inflamation of the bowels.'

'If you've got that, I pity you,' commenced Mrs. Dobbs; 'for three years steady I was afflicted with it, and I don't think I've fully recovered yet.'

'Rheumatism,' added Bob.

'Yes, that's pretty likely to go along with neuralgia. It did with me.'

'Toothache suggested Bob.

'There have been times, Mr. Turner,' said the sympathizing woman, 'when I thought I should have went distracted with the toothache.'

'Then,' said Bob, who, having temporarily ran out of his stock of Medical terms, resorted to a scientific name, 'I'm very much afraid that I've got the *tel-lyazaurus.*'

Though it was with great difficulty that he could resist laughing, Bob continued: 'I'm suffering a good deal from a sprained ankle.'

Then you can sympathize with me, Mr. Turner *I sprained mine as I was coming along.*'

'But that isn't the worst of it.'

'What is it?' asked Mrs. Dobbs, with curiosity.'

'I wouldn't tell any one but you, Mrs. Dobbs, 'but the fact is,'—here Bob groaned—'I'm afraid, and the doctor agrees with me, that my reason is affected; that in short, I'm a little crazy.'

Bob took breath, and wondered what Mrs. Dobbs woul say to that.

'Oh, Mr. Turner, is it possible!' exclaimed the lady. 'It's horrible! I know it is. *I frequently have spells of being out of my head myself!*'

Bod could stand it no longer; he burst into a roar of laughter, which Mrs. Dobbs taking for a precursor of a violent paroxysm of instanity, she was led to take a hurried leave

PRETTY GOOD FOR PAT.—The other day the conductor of a train on our railroad discovered an Irishmann in a car soon after starting from Rome, and demanded his fare. Pat declared he had no money—The conductor, after lecturing him, told him to leave at the first stopping place not far distant. Accordingly Pat was one of the first to get off at the next station.—But judge of the conductor's surprise and wrath to find him aboard when fairly on the way.

'Did I not tell you to get off.'

'And sure I did.'

'Why then are you here again?'

'And sure did you not say all aboard?'

This was too much for the worthy conductor, and nothwithstanding the decree against 'dead heads,' he was allowed to pass.—*Watertown Sentinel.*

THE LADIES AGAINST THE EUROPEAN PLAN.—Hotels on 'the European plan' have become quite a feature in our city lately; but a reaction has set in against them already. The secret of the matter is that the novelty of the 'plan' has worn away, and sober second thought finds the American system the best, after all. The ladies don't like the idea of having to order everything to their private rooms, and to have superannuated bachelors from the country as their landlord withal; and what they don't approve is not likely to flourish long. They have got the idea that when they travel they ought to see and be seen as much as they can, and not lock themselves up, on the European plan, merely to save perhaps a half a dollar a day.—Who'll say they're not right?—*N. Y. Paper.*

The European Races—The War.

It has been predicted that the war in Europe will yet become a war of races; and it is a matter of interest to inquire what are the races or divisions of the people that this conflict may yet array against each other. What nation of Europ would be affected by it; and what change might it produce in the condition of the continent? A brief sketch of the origin of the principal nations will show that struggle may arrise, and give some idea of its magnitude. Whether the conflict shall assume that shape or not, the historical facts are worth remembering by those who would understand correctly the current events in the Eastern world.

The three principal races from which the nations of modern Europe are descended, were the Celts, the Teutones and the Sclavonians. The Celts were the first to enter Europe, coming from the regions of the Caspian sea in great numbers, with their families and flock and herds. They neatly destroyed the Grecian kingdom of Macedonia, and, passing westward between the Danube and the Adriatic, they settled in northern Italy. It is supposed their first irruptions into Europe occurred more than thirty five hundred years ago. The Gauls, one of the most powerful of the Celtic tribes; passed into the country called France, and gave it the name of Gaul. They also peopled England, Scotland and Ireland. Hence the Celtic stock in those countries; and in the south-western portion of Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland, which were never since subdued by other races, the Celtic language is still spoken. In the Highlands it is called the 'Gaelic' language, in Ireland the 'Erse.'

About four hundred years before the Christan era, or twenty-four and a half centuries ago, we find the Celts, or Gauls, of northern Italy, at war with the Romans. Under Brennus, their most renowned leader, they nearly destroyed the city of Rome. When Hannibal, the Carthagenian, invaded Italy he recruited his army from the Gauls, and again was the Roman State brought to the verge of destruction. But after that war was ended, and the Romans had triumphed, the time for vengeance on the Gual had come. The Romans finally subdued all the Celts or Gauls of northern Italy from the Rubicon to the Danube, and from the Adriatic to the Alps. This occurred two hundred and twenty years before the birth of Christ.

A century and a quarter B. C. the Romans commenced the conquest of Gaul.—The struggle lasted more than eighty years. More than a million of Gauls were slain in the battles; but notwithstanding their desperate resistance, the conquest of the whole country was completed by Julius Cæsar fifty years B. C. Numerous Roman colonies were founded in Gaul, and the Roman language introduced and the present French language is a mixture of the Celtic, Roman and Teutonic languages. Soon after the conquest of Gaul the Romans passed into Britain, and conquered the whole country, except the Highlands of Scotland, and the mountainous regions of Wales. Thus, nearly the whole Celtic race was subdued by the Romans; but they soon had their revenge upon the all-conquering republic. Julis Cæsar raised a large army of Gauls; and, arming and disciplining it in the Roman method, marched to Italy, 'passed the Rubicon,' and made himself master of Rome, which his successor converted into an empire.

About a century and a half before the Christian era came the second inundation of barbarians upon Europe. This was the Teutonic race. They came from central and northern Russia, and from Sweden, those regions being called Scandanavia.—One writer says 'their armies were innumerable, and seemed to come from sources inexhaustible.' They soon overran all Europe north of the Danube and east of the Rhine. Their families accompanied the armies, and they settled in the provinces they subdued. About a century before Christ they passed the Danube and descended upon Italy. Four Roman armies were destroyed by their desperate valor, and Rome trembled at the sight of their countless hosts. But another army under the command of Caius Marius was sent against them. He defeated them in two great battles, in the last of which the army of the Teutonse was almost entirely annihilated. Their women, to escape slavery killed their children, and then destroyed their own lives. It was not until long afterwards that the Teutones or Germans again crossed the Danube.

The Teutonic race was divivided into numerous tribes, bearing different names, but speaking the same language, and manifesting the same national characteristics and evidences of a common origin. One of those tribes, the Franks, about fourteen hundred years ago invaded Gaul, and being joined by the discontented Gauls, the Roman empire soon lost that province. The Franks settled with the Gauls, and gave their name to France. The French people are thus the descendants of the Celts, Teutones and Romans, and their language is to the student a sufficient evidence of this mixed origin. Another tribe of the Teutonic race was called Angles, and the Saxons were another tribe.—About four and a quarter centuries after Christ, or fourteen hundred and thirty years ago, the Romans withdrew from Britain, and the Britons, enervated by peace and long subjection to the Roman power, could not defend themselves against the Picts and Scots, and they invited the Saxons from Germany to come to their aid. Two Saxon leaders, Hengist and Horsa, crossed over with an army and expelled the Scots. They then undertook the conquest of the country for themselves. The struggle was long and doubtful, until the Angles came to the aid of the Saxons, and Britain was subdued.

From the Angles England derivel its name. The Angles and Saxons settled in England, and hence the origin of the boasted Anglo-Saxon race. A historical analysis of the present English blood will prove it to be about two-fifths Teutonic, two-fifths Celtic, and one-fifty Roman, Tyrian and Carthagenian. Some historians tell us that the Tyrians and Carthagenians founded several colonies on the English coast. The Normans who conquered England 800 years ago were a mixture of Celt and Teutone.

About the middle of the fourth century of the Christian era came a third irruption of barbarians from the East upon Europe. This was the Sclavonic race, coming from the Caucassus and the shores of the Caspian Sea. Against their countless numbers and their dauntless valor all resistance was in vain, till they reached the confines of the Roman empire on the Danube.—Nor could the Roman legions long stay their onward progress. They crossed the Danube, and overran nearly all that part of the Roman empire that is now Turkey in Europe; and more than once their devastating armies could be seen from the walls of Constantinople. Gibbon represents them as equally brave, but more barbarous than the Celtic or Teutonic races. In less than four centuries they were in possession of one third of the territory within the present limits of Europe.—Their further progress westward was checked by the Teutones, then and since generally called Germans, with whom they waged long and bloody wars for a century and a half. It was against the numerous Sclavonian tribes that the famous Teutonic knight fought so long and valiantly, while the Western nations were engaged in wars with each other, and in the Crusades to the Holy Land. But the Sclavonians won and occupied nearly all Turkey in Europe, Hungary, Moldavia, Wallachia, Transylvania, Bosnia, Servia, Bohemia, Poland, and a part of Prussia. The Huns and Magyars subsequently overcame them in Hungary, and have since occupied that country with them; and the Poles became the ruling race in Poland, the Germans in Prussia and Bohemia, and the Ottomans in Turkey. But in all the countries of Europe where the Sclavonians settled originally they still form a large portion of the population, and still cherish their national traditions, and two a great extent preserve their language, and their strong desire for unity and independent nationality.

From these three nations that we have named, then, are descended nearly all the nations of Europe. The Western nations mainly from the Celts and Teutones; the central nations frrom the Teutones, now called Germans; and the Eastern third and more than a third of Europe principally from the Sclavonians. In Sweden, Norway, and northern Russia the Teutones prevail. In central Russia the Sclaves, Tartars and Muscovites are mingled. In Southern Russia the Sclavonians form the principal part of the population. In Europe, outside of the Russian empire, the Slavonians are said to numl er nearly thirty millions. And including those in Russia, they probably now number some sixty millions. The Teutonic or German race may number sixty five millions. In Great Britain and Ireland and France there is a population of about sixty three millons, being a mixture mainly of Celt and Teutone. All the other people of Europe, including Muscovites, Tartars, Turks, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Jews, Gipsies, &c., about fifty seven millions more; making in all the two hundred and fifty millions at which is estimated the present population of Europe.

The prediction that the present war will yet become a war of races, relates only to the Teutonic, Sclavonic, Magyar, Greek and Turkise races. The Turks and aliens in Europe—aliens in tradition, religion and customs; and numbering in all, men women and children, less than three millions. In a war of races they would speedily be annihilated or put to flight. Of the Greek race, of the pure stock of ancient Greece, probably not one million now exist on the face of the earth. Ancient, classic Greece, once rich, enlightened, renowned, the nursery of learning and science, has again and again been ravaged and almost depopulated by wars and barbarous invaders, until the race is almost extinct; and all that remains of the illustrious race is its matchless language, and the monuments of its genius and intellect. The Magyars of Hungary were originally a tribe of Huns, and, though they have been long the predominant race in that country, they number but six millions. In a war with the Germans or Sclavonians they would be overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, notwithstanding their genius, patriotism and valor. If the predicted war of races begins, the great struggle will be between the Sclavonians, backed by Russia, and the Teutons (Germans) backed by such government are immediately interested in the result.

And what are the governments that would be interested in the result? Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland, thousand, mainly Teutonic, would have no present interest in the matter.—Even Prussia, while friendly Russia, would have nothing at stake in it that would call her to arms. England and France would have no interest in it further than as its results might affect their political designs, and their aim to prevent the spread and growth of Russian influence and power.—To Austria alone, on the German side, is it a matter of vital interest, and a question of national existence. Let Austria join the Allies in active hostilities, and the Russian Emperor fulfil his threat, and call all the Sclavonians to arms, and give them arms and support them with an army, and the Austrian empire would be ploughed by a revolution more radical, more formidable and more sanguinary than any revolution that Europe has ever heretofore witnessed. Nothing but the strict neutrality of the Austrian empire, rigidly and faithfully maintained, can save that empire, and the perjured and hapless dynasty of Hapsburgh from his bloody and final catastrophe.

A GENUINE 'Down Easter' was lately essaying to appropriate a square of exceedingly tough beef at dinner, in a Wisconsin hotel. His convulsive efforts with a knife and fork attracted the attention and smiles of the rest of the company, who were in the same predicament as himself. At last Johnathan's patience vanished under ill success, when laying down his utensils, he bursts out with—

'Strange, you needn't laff: if you han't got no regard for the landlord's feelings, *you orter have some respect for the old cow!*'

This sally brought down the house.

Brudder Bones, can you tell me de difference, tween dying and dicting?'

'Why, ob course I can, Samuel. When you diet you lib on noffiin, and when you die you hab noffin to lib on.'

'Well dat's different from what I tort it was. I tort it was a race' tween de doctrin stuff, and starwation, to see which will kill fust.'

A young wife remonstrated with her spendthrift husband upon his conduct.—He took up a New Testament, and pointing to the text 'There, my love,' said he 'I am like the prodigal son, I will reform by and by.' 'Guess truly there's something in the text will suit me too, I think until you reform it will be as well for me to arise and go to my father,' and off she started accordingly.

A GOOD JOKE.—The city authorities of Marysville, California, recently passed an ordinance for the removal of outside stairs in that city. While the Council were in session a few days after, the stairs leading to the Council Chamber were removed, and the dignified members of that body, according to the Herald, were compelled to 'shin' down the posts of the building.

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